

## NOT THE STRANGLER.

Martin Phillips Released from Custody This Afternoon.

He Was in New Jersey and Not at Glendale Saturday.

Another of Hannah Robinson's Correspondents Now Suspected.

SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.

JAMAICA, Aug. 7.—At 2:30 o'clock Martin Phillips was released from custody at the corner of Broadway and Broadway.

Martin Phillips is the young Brooklyn lithographer who was locked up in the Town Hall here on suspicion of having been connected with the death of pretty Hannah Robinson, the English servant girl, whose dead body was found in the lonely clearing back of Meyer's cigarette factory, on the Fresh Pond road, near Glendale, on Sunday morning last.

The officers telegraphed the coroner that Phillips had been released on Saturday afternoon and Sunday at New York. This, of course, established an alibi for him.

Phillips was seen after his release, but he refused to talk for publication further than to say that he would remain here and attend the inquest to-night as a witness.

It is now stated that among the things found in the young woman's trunk were a wedding outfit and some trinkets which belonged to her mother and there were also found a number of letters, besides those written by Phillips, signed by another man. The name of this person the authorities refuse to disclose.

It is said, however, that the man's name is Wallace. Officers are searching for him. According to the story circulated this man had been in the habit of visiting Hannah or meeting her at certain places within the last few weeks.

It is this true if given weight to the statement of Phillips that he was not in the city company for several months. It is thought that the man Wallace might have been the girl's companion Saturday night when she was seen at the Manhattan Beach Railroad crossing in Ridgewood, going in the direction of the woods where her body was found.

Phillips was arrested on Monday morning in Williamsburg last night by Police Capt. Martin and Detective Sgt. Corcoran, of the Brooklyn Bedford Avenue station, on information from Detective Miller that the young lithographer had been the dead girl's lover.

This information was derived from letters found in the girl's trunk, which were brought here yesterday from Hewlett, L. I., where she had worked for Rev. Dr. Thomas W. Martin.

Together with Mr. and Mrs. William Laws, sister and brother of the dead girl, Phillips was taken to Ridgewood, where all three positively identified the body. Then the detectives drove the trio to Jamaica.

Consultation with District Attorney Fleming Phillips was locked up for the night.

Mr. and Mrs. Laws returned to Brooklyn on the first train this morning.

The murdered girl will be buried to-morrow; her sister, Mrs. Laws, having arranged for the burial.

SEEN IN A CEMETERY.

Ridgewood, L. I., Aug. 7.—A man called at corner Homey's office this morning and gave some information about the murdered girl.

He said that he was employed in Evergreen Cemetery, and that on Saturday evening last at about 7 o'clock he saw Hannah Robinson and a young man in the cemetery.

As it was beyond the time for closing the gates he requested them to leave the place. They went away and he did not see them again.

He did not notice the young man particularly and did not think he could recognize him if he saw him again.

Hannah Robinson's married sister, Mrs. Laws, of Kent avenue, Brooklyn, has two children buried in Evergreen Cemetery, and Hannah was in the habit of visiting the graves of the little ones.

WHO MARTIN PHILLIPS IS.

Martin Phillips boards at 205 Bedford avenue, the home of Dr. Laurie Long, who speaks of him very highly. The young man is employed as a pressman by Hinds, Ketcham & Co., lithographers.

Phillips's parents are dead, and he has been located at several places in the Eastern District of Brooklyn during the past three years. He is twenty-five years old, and is a little above the average in intelligence. He has dark hair and eyes, and his face is smooth-shaven. His manner is frank and prepossessing.

He has been a member of the North Fifth Street Methodist Church for many years and has figured prominently in the Sunday-school affairs of the church.

Phillips readily admitted that some of the letters found in the dead girl's trunk were from him, and he explained the endearing terms contained in them by saying that at the time they were written Hannah and he were engaged to be married.

WHY HE BROKE WITH HER.

That was over three years ago, and soon after their acquaintance began, Phillips fell sick with pneumonia, and when, on his recovery, he went back to the North Eighth street address, he was astounded to hear that when it was thought he was dying his sweetheart had called at the house and, telling the people there that he was dead, had insisted upon having his clothes and valuables given up to her. Mrs. Walker refused to do so, and Hannah went away in a rage.

Phillips asked the girl for an explanation. She did not give one and the engagement was broken off. But she retained the engagement ring with "M. to L." engraved upon it. Since that period Phillips had been a girl but a few times. The last time was about six months ago.

HANNAH BECAME A MOTHER.

It was perhaps a year afterwards, Phillips says, that he heard Hannah had given birth to a baby. She had not married, and he was astounded at the news, as he had always "till then believed her to be a good, pure girl."

His surprise at the time was increased by an attempt made by Hannah to fix the paternity of the child upon him. That attempt was unsuccessful, and he now believes that it was only made for the purpose of compelling him to marry her. The baby's existence was brief, and after its death he lost sight of the girl.

A photograph of Phillips was found in Hannah's trunk, and all of his letters had been carefully treasured by her.

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Webster came to the lawyers' office in a carriage. He was alone.

He did not seem in the least disturbed, and was calmly smoking a cigar.

He was a fairly stout, middle-aged man, with a mustache and a few white hairs in his hair. He was dressed in a dark suit and a white shirt with a high collar.

The officers took him to Police Headquarters in a Beecher street car.

At Headquarters he was taken before Inspector Byrnes and afterwards locked up.

There at noon Webster was taken to the Tombs. He was arraigned before Justice Kelly, who committed him to the West Thirty-seventh street station.

Webster's examination was set down for 10 o'clock to-morrow morning at Jefferson Market Court.

KEPT IN HIDING BY GAMBLERS.

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Inspector Byrnes was more than emphatic in speaking of the matter. Among other things he said: "Webster has been kept under cover by a lot of gamblers and gin sellers, who have kept him in hiding, and they said that Goodwin was killed at the door of Webster's apartments, where he expected to find 'Mrs. Webster' alone. Seeing Webster there he struck him. Webster pursued and followed him to his room, where Goodwin picked up a cuspidor and threw it at Webster, who shot him through the abdomen. Goodwin died six hours later."

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It has been discovered that the woman "Essie," to whom Goodwin lent the tender money, was left unfinished when shot by Webster. Mrs. Essie Snyder, wife of Peter Snyder, cashier of the Hudson River Bank, at Columbus avenue and Seventy-second street.

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It is supposed she went there to get a divorce so as to marry Goodwin.

The story of the attachment which existed between Goodwin and Snyder, which the latter called "a love affair," was so abruptly and so fatally ended, is an interesting one, and increases Goodwin's reputation as a breaker of women's hearts.

REPUT AS LARCHMONT.

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The young bank clerk introduced Goodwin to Mrs. Snyder, who was described as a winsome woman of very dark complexion, and her husband was a tall, dark, and handsome man.

After a couple of years' friendship with Goodwin, Mrs. Snyder gave birth to her first child, a son, who was named after her husband. The child was a fine specimen of his father, and was very much like him.

As Mrs. Snyder left Sioux Falls with her two children last Monday, she said to Goodwin: "I am going to the city, and I shall be back in New York within the next forty-eight hours."

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Constable Jenkins has been hustling around the village all morning, looking up evidence against the four men.

Everybody was telling him the men from College Point were shot, but that he could not find out anything about them. He is now going up to College Point and getting warrants for their arrest.

The whole village is aroused over the trouble and the feeling against the O'Neills is running high.

Whether the O'Neills have decided to move their goods away and leave the place is not known. The editor of the O'Neill has not been here since Tuesday night.

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## WHITE CAPS ROUTED.

Four Hundred of Them Put to Flight at Corcoran.

O'Neill's Contingent Numbered Only Four, but It Was Armed.

THREE MEN SHOT IN THE BATTLE AND MANY BRUISED WITH BRICKBATS.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

CORONAL L. L. AUG. 7.—The attempt of the white caps to force the O'Neills and his wife, William O'Neill, out of this place, because of their alleged improper behavior and cruel treatment of their wives, culminated last night in a regular pitched battle between 400 villagers, or White Caps, and half a dozen friends of the O'Neills.

These men, who were freely used, and as a result there were three men this morning suffering from pistol-shot wounds and a score of others with sore heads, which were inflicted by miscellaneous brickbats during the struggle.

William O'Connor, a soda water manufacturer, is the most seriously injured, his hurts consisting of a gun-shot wound in the right arm, which is broken in several places.

Two other men, companions of O'Connor, whose names are unknown here, were also shot, one receiving a painful wound in the right wrist, and a part of the other's left ear being blown off.

WILLIAM O'NEILL BADLY USED UP.

William O'Neill, whom the White Caps have marked for special aversion, participated in the fight, and was so badly used up that he was hurried to New York by his friends on the first train this morning.

His right jawbone is said to be fractured, and his face frightfully swollen and bruised. James Pritchard, a modest and unassuming villager, who claims that he took no part in the movement against the O'Neills, but who happened to be passing down the street at the time, was horribly beaten and bruised. He is confined to his bed this morning, suffering intense pain.

IT WAS A MIDNIGHT BATTLE.

The battle between the villagers and the O'Neills took place at about 1 o'clock last night and 1 o'clock this morning on Grand avenue, the leading street of the village.

It was fought out almost directly under the dangling eaves of William P. O'Neill, and resulted, as near as can be ascertained, in a draw.

At least twenty men were the 400 villagers driven back and forced to seek concealment and safety in the neighboring back yards and wood-houses by the handful of the O'Neill battalion.

Besides the injuries sustained by the three men, windows in the Post-office were smashed by the crowd, and a portion of C. H. Schlobo, a prominent White Cap, was smashed in.

THE EFFRY CAUSED THE ROW.

The suspended effigy of William P. O'Neill, which caused the trouble, suffered slightly also, the right arm and a portion of the head in its inscription on the back being shot or torn away. Both sides claim to have come off victors.

The White Caps anticipated trouble yesterday and they met in secret, conclude during the day to devise such methods as would best put down any uprising on the part of the saloon-keeper's friends.

The committee stationed at the depot to watch for the O'Neills was relieved by another committee at nightfall.

James P. O'Neill, a brother of Patrick O'Neill, had read in The Evening World that his nephew was in Larchmont, N. Y., and he left New York last evening with the avowed purpose of pulling it down.

When he reached here he was at once spotted by the White Caps, and when he climbed up to the wire upon which the figure hung, Constable Jenkins was red-hot after him, and he gave up the attempt under a threat of arrest.

Towards 9 o'clock young William O'Neill put in an appearance in the village, he also having come from New York.

The White Caps saw him, and from his bold and defiant air it was reported that he was armed with a revolver and a knife.

It was whispered about that trouble might be expected at any moment, and the villagers began to form on Grand avenue.

REINFORCEMENTS ARRIVE.

Young O'Neill went at once to his saloon. Soon afterwards a top wagon, containing four men, passed down Grand avenue.

The men appeared to be strangers, and the White Caps soon learned that they were from College Point, and were friends of O'Neill's who had come to help him haul down the effigy.

The four men stopped their wagon on Grand avenue directly under the suspended effigy. The crowd of White Caps then moved down the street.

Some were armed with revolvers, while others carried stones and clubs.

They halted a few feet away from the wagon and a man in the crowd shouted to the four men not to interfere with the figure.

The four men held in the mean time secured the chair from O'Neill's wagon, which they placed on top of the wagon. One of their number mounted the chair and tried to reach the effigy.

Orders to desist from their task were shouted at the men, but they paid no attention to the warning.

Suddenly a shower of stones and bricks fell on the carriage from the crowd, and this was the signal for war.

The four men dropped from their wagon, drew revolvers and faced the crowd of White Caps. The sight of revolvers put the crowd to flight, but they returned in a few minutes, and the battle raged for an hour with the result stated.

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